



## Anne Colwell

*Emerging Professional, Fiction*  
*Milton*

Anne Colwell has been teaching English at the University of Delaware Academic Center in Georgetown since 1991. She is Assistant Professor and the coordinator of the Southern Delaware Master in Arts, Liberal Studies Program.

An established poet, she has had her work published in literary journals since 1993 and is the author by invitation of an on-line chapbook, *Twenty Poems* (www.alsopreview.com). Her 64-page poetry manuscript *Believing Their Shadows* was a finalist for multiple literary prizes, including The Quarterly Review of Literature (QRL) Poetry Series. While working towards her doctorate in English and American literature at the University of Delaware, Colwell served as research assistant to poet-in-residence W.D. Snodgrass.

The author is an authority on the American poet Elizabeth Bishop, about whom she has lectured and delivered numerous papers. In 1997, her book *Inscrutable Houses: Metaphors of the Body in the Poems of Elizabeth Bishop* was published by the University of Alabama Press. She has recently begun exploring fiction writing.

*I have written and written about poetry for most of my career. When I began to write a novel two years ago, I felt like I was "having an affair" with prose, and I told myself that I would get it out of my system. I started a second novel and found myself writing short stories. "Not a problem," I told myself, "I can quit anytime."*

*[In 2005], I applied to The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference in both fiction and poetry and was accepted in both categories. I told Michael Collier [the Director], "I'm really a poet," and he placed me accordingly. But since then, more and more, I've become uncomfortable with that professional label or, indeed, any genre category. What I really am is a writer. Aristotle said, "You are what you repeatedly do," and, since I can't seem to stop writing fiction, I find I'm an emerging fiction writer. I will continue to write fiction, and, as the dark lines between genres blur for me, I've become interested in writing that crosses those same lines, incorporates verse in prose, merges flash fiction and prose poetry. I see myself, in the years to come, writing a great deal of fiction, along with poems, dramas, essays, as well as strange creatures that combine elements of all of these.*

**Anne Colwell will give a reading of her fiction at 7 p.m., April 30, in the Lecture Hall of the Carter Partnership Center, Delaware Technical and Community College, Owen Campus. For information or for directions, call the University of Delaware Academic Center, 855-1657.**

The third morning that he'd left Starbucks parking lot, again without his coffee, he spotted the Apollo out on the highway. The place had been there for years, nondescript, brown and low, set back from the road by an expanse of weedy, gravel parking lot. Dennis had never been inside. But he imagined the whole place in one blink as he turned his car into the crunching gravel and parked in a space out back. An old counter and booths, rickety benches and stools, torn maybe, the stools around the counter bolted to the floor. At the register there would be a plastic dog bank to donate to the SPCA and a little cup of toothpicks. Behind the counter, a heavy woman with a powdered face and one of those sprayed up hair-do's dyed an improbable shade of nearly blonde. She'd be wearing a pink and white uniform that pulled across the bust and she'd write his order on a green pad she pulled from her pocket with the pencil she pulled from behind her ear. Maybe she'd even call him, "Hon." The thought of it, all of it, made him smile.

Dennis was right about everything, every detail almost, except the woman. The place was perfect, right down to the plastic dog bank. But the girl who took his order was thin, almost painfully thin, her hair bleached nearly white and cut into short jagged spikes. She had ten, maybe more, tiny silver hoops in each ear. Her nose was pierced too and she wore a silver hoop there, another above her left eye.

From her wrist to the edge of her short-sleeved white shirt, her left arm was one continuous, elaborate tattoo. Dennis could make out a jungle scene: macaws perched in trees, a huge pink flower with a yellow center just at the elbow.

"Do you want white or wheat?" she asked, her pencil poised above her green pad. He'd gotten that right at least.

Excerpt from the novel *The Barksdale Boys*,  
by  
Anne Colwell

## Walter "Skip" Rohrich

*Established Professional, Jazz Performance*  
*Newark*



Percussionist Walter "Skip" Rohrich's repertoire runs the gamut from 1920s German and French cabaret music, Big Band and swing to the more recent genres of rock and roll and contemporary jazz, along with his own compositions. He is co-founder and member of 53 Stations Jazz Ensemble, which specializes in original compositions and rarely performed works by well-known composers. He has performed with the Kim Milliner Band since 1978 and more recently with the Blackbird Society Orchestra and Chanson Noir and has appeared with Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia, Dianne Schurr, Steve Allen, jazz guitarist Charlie

Byrd and Valery Pomonarev. He has also played in the Clifford Brown, Rehoboth Beach and Mellon Jazz Festivals.

Rohrich teaches percussion at the Wilmington Music School, where he serves as Faculty with Distinction, at the University of Delaware Community Music School and at his own studio. He is a graduate of Indiana University and attended Berklee College of Music.

*As a jazz drummer and composer, I have always enjoyed studying and playing jazz from many different eras. I am currently playing in groups whose music ranges from the 1920s to the present. Over the years, I have collected many rare percussion instruments that were only used during the early days of jazz to help me understand why and how drummers played what they did in the period from about 1918 to 1935. These instruments, many of which haven't*

*been produced for 70 to 80 years, have a sound of their own and really don't have any modern-day equivalent. Using these instruments helps me to play more authentically in much the same way that many current Baroque musicians prefer to use period instruments when they perform.*

*My main influence as a jazz musician and composer has been the music of the late soprano saxophonist and composer Steve Lacy, who died in June of 2004. Even though he led his own groups for over 30 years and released close to 200 albums of his own music, his music has rarely been performed by others, due to its idiosyncratic nature. My current project is my band 53 Stations, which was formed to perform not only my own music, but the music of Steve Lacy and other jazz composers such as Carla and Paul Bley, and Herbie Nichols, who, though well known, rarely have their works performed by other jazz musicians.*